LEO BURNETT COMPANY, *Inc.*
Ad No. 1668—Req. No. 30073—26 in.—B&W—2 col. x 13 in. (B)
College Newspapers, 1963
Column Number 8
Printed in U.S.A.

2061033375

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE AND JAZZ LIKE THAT

I am now an elderly gentleman, full of years and aches, but my thoughts keep ever turning to my undergraduate days. This is called "arrested development."

But I cannot stop the healing tide of nostalgia that washes over me as I recall those golden campus days, those ivy-covered buildings (actually, at my college, there was only ivy: no bricks), those pulse-tingling lectures on John Dryden and Cotton Mather, the many friends I made, the many deans I bit.

I know some of you are already dreading the day when you graduate and lose touch with all your merry classmates. It is my pleasant task today to assure you that it need not be so; all you have to do is join the Alumni Association and every year you will receive a bright, newsy, chatty bulletin, chock-full of things about your old buddies.

Oh, what a red-letter day it is at my house, the day the Alumni Bulletin arrives! I cancel all my engagements, take the phone off the hook, dismiss my resident osteopath, put the cheetah outside, and settle down for an evening of pure pleasure with the Bulletin and (need I add?) a good supply of Marlboro Cigarettes.

Whenever I am having fun, a Marlboro makes the fun even more fun. That filter, that flavor, that yielding soft pack, that firm Flip Top box, never fails to heighten my pleasure whether I am playing Double Canfield or watching the radio or knitting an afghan or enjoying any other diverting pursuit you might name—except, of course, spear fishing. But then, how much spear fishing does one do in Clovis, New Mexico, where I live?

But I digress. Let us return to my Alumni Bulletin and the fascinating news about my old friends and classmates. I quote from the current issue:

"Well, fellow alums, it certainly has been a wing-dinger of a year for us old grads! Remember Mildred Cheddar and Harry Camembert, those crazy kids who always held hands in Econ II? Well, they're married now and living in Clovis, New Mexico, where Harry rents spear-fishing equipment, and Mildred has just given birth to a lovely 28-pound daughter, her second in four months. Nice going, Mildred and Harry!

"Remember Jethro Brie, the man we voted most likely to succeed? Well, old Jethro is still gathering laurels! Last week he was voted 'Motorman of the Year' by his fellow workers in the Duluth streetcar system. 'I owe it all to my brakeman,' said Jethro in a characteristically modest acceptance speech. Same old Jethro!

"Probably the most glamorous time had by any of us old alums was had by Francis Macomber last year. He went on a big game hunting safari all the way to Africa! We received many interesting post cards from Francis until he was, alas, accidentally shot and killed by his wife and white hunter. Tough luck, Francis!

"Wilametta 'Deadeye' Macomber, widow of the late beloved Francis Macomber, was married yesterday to Fred 'Sureshot' Sigafoos, white hunter, in a simple double-ring ceremony in Nairobi. Many happy returns, Wilametta and Fred!

"Well, alums, that just about wraps it up for this year. Buy bonds!"

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Old grads, new grads, undergrads, and non-grads all agree: that good Richmond tobacco recipe, that clean Selectrate filter, have turned all fifty states of the Union into Marlboro Country. Won't you join the throng?

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Source: https://www.industrydocuments.ucsf.edu/docs/nbv0064